

Contributed

A PRAYER.

Oft in Thy purple twilight, Lord,
Wistful I linger, waiting there,
Till the night-wind breathes a low sweet chord
Of mystic prayer.

For lo! the shadows steal across the skies,
And vainly we have walked when in the light;
When far within the West the sunset dies,
Guide Thou our steps aright.

Teach us, we pray Thee, how to pray,
In the evening cool, the morning bright,
In the quiet peace of Thy dreamy day,
Or the hush of night.

For now the rose has faded to the gray,
Like visions of our youthful long ago,
But far beyond, the darkened hills, away,
Return a last, faint glow.

Then, when the darkness dims the track
That leads where rippling rivers flow
Round the distant isles of peace, send back
Thine after-glow.

Lo! in Thy great dawn-burning, Lord,
The shadows flee from sea to sea,
My wandering soul, in a whispered word,
Goes out to Thee.

For now the wind that wanders off the dawn
Fans the faint flush into a rising flame;
O Lord, ere yet the spell of night be gone,
Absolve my soul from blame.

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PROTESTANT WORK IN FRANCE.

Report From the Pastor Supported by the Huguenot Society of Richmond, Va.

Our general activity has been intense and abundantly blessed this winter. Our large Fraternity Hall at Sous-le-Bois was found several times too small and almost every Sunday evening it has been filled with calm, thinking and touched listeners. What a blessing and what an answer to our anxious prayers. The Sunday morning audiences have never been so large in spite of the severity of the weather.

The two great events of the winter have been the temperance campaign of the "Blue Cross" and the rescue work attempted among fallen women and wayward young girls. We have been able to help efficiently several poor women, and we pray that God may save them entirely. Among the men who have joined the temperance society of the "Blue Cross," one, nicknamed The Terror of Sous-le-Bois, committed every kind of villainous deed to obtain drink. Several times he attempted to kill his wife and children. "All happiness comes together today," cried his wife, when their little boy was baptized the same day on which his father joined the "Blue Cross." They have paid over 900 francs of debt in less than a year, rising at 4 o'clock to go to work and going to bed at 10 at night. I fol-

lowed him like his shadow for over four years, then, overflowing with joy, he gave an evidence of gratitude to his Saviour with such heartiness that the entire hall (500 persons), who knew him well, cheered and applauded.

Another, a painter by trade, who was drunk every day, was the despair of his old parents. Picked up by two members of the Society (one of them was a former absinthe drinker), he was taken home. The young men returned every day to pray with him until the day when he consented to be present at one of our meetings. He was saved, he signed the pledge and has kept it faithfully ever since. He never misses the prayer meetings. He carries joy and peace wherever he goes. A third, a brewer, forty-four years old, drinking from 15 to 20 glasses of beer a day, without counting alcohol, from his 16th year, a kind of prematurely aged giant, was taken one evening by the above mentioned painter to a meeting consisting mainly of bright talks, with singing and prayer, depicting the shame which hangs over the family of a drunkard. Profoundly touched, feeling his misery, the unfortunate man did not dare to sign, fearing that by tomorrow all would be forgotten. He decided to take a whole day to consider, meanwhile praying sincerely. He has not had a single temptation from that moment. A fourth, a farm laborer, came one day to Aubenge. Not daring to show himself in the city on account of his creditors, he skirted the canal and passed the church. They were singing and he went in. During the sermon I denounced the sin of drinking in such a manner that he believed himself recognized and publicly rebuked. Nevertheless, he remained. A struggle went on in his soul and before the sermon was over he promised to God, "I shall give up the cup to Thee forever, and I shall return to this church and learn to walk in Thy way." He kept his word. Two others, metal workers, were indignant at the thought that they had wasted a great part of their lives without having been told of the Gospel or spoken to about temperance. The wife of one of them died a martyr to his vices. Another man drank alcohol for two weeks without ceasing; he was made sick by it and on his bed he made his wife and children buy drink for him. When all the money was gone, they sold all their furniture to the last quilt which covered the children. Everybody was happy when through the "Blue Cross" the Lord entered that home.

I would never come to an end if I wrote of all the rejoicings and triumphs recorded in this land. One of our reformed friends did military duty last summer as sergeant and organized some temperance meetings. A sergeant-major, whose promotion was made doubtful for a long time by his intemperance, signed the pledge and at once began to convert others. He now spends his evenings with his wife, doing algebra and geometry, having a civil appointment in view when he reaches the age for his retirement. The captain and sergeants stopped drinking and the canteens were abandoned. Only one old adjutant continues to drink, but the major does not give up his hope of winning him over. "I will get him," he says. We have proved a thousand times that, in our country if the evangelist is willing to work hard—modifying gradually the family and social life—